

STILLWATER
Business Directory

Attorneys.
McCLURE & MARSH.
Practise in all the Courts of the State. Office in
St. Paul, Minn.
O. H. COFFERT.
Attorney at Law. Office with H. H. Mendenhall.
405-11
CORREY & LUCKY.
Attorneys at Law and Real Estate and Insurance Agents.
Office in St. Paul, Minn.
E. G. HUFFS.
Attorney and General Land and Insurance Agent.
Office in St. Paul, Minn.
H. H. Mendenhall.
Attorney at Law and Real Estate and Insurance Agent.
Office in St. Paul, Minn.

Banking.
FIRST NATIONAL.
Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
P. O. Box 100. Capital, \$1,000,000.
Reserve, \$200,000.
Assets, \$1,200,000.
Deposits, \$1,000,000.
Interest, 4 per cent.
Savings, 3 per cent.
Loans, 5 per cent.
Real Estate, 4 per cent.
Insurance, 3 per cent.
Commissions, 1 per cent.
Fees, 50 cents.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Second National Bank.
Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
P. O. Box 100. Capital, \$1,000,000.
Reserve, \$200,000.
Assets, \$1,200,000.
Deposits, \$1,000,000.
Interest, 4 per cent.
Savings, 3 per cent.
Loans, 5 per cent.
Real Estate, 4 per cent.
Insurance, 3 per cent.
Commissions, 1 per cent.
Fees, 50 cents.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Books and Stationery.
A. C. LILL.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
JOHN WHITEHEAD.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
ARTHUR STEPHENS.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
W. W. WILSON.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
G. W. BATTLES.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
HERMAN TERPES.
Books, Stationery, Printing, Engraving, etc.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

County Officers.
ROBERT L. LEMMON.
County Clerk.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
JOHN L. LEMMON.
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City Government.
A. C. LILL.
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ARTHUR STEPHENS.
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W. W. WILSON.
City Clerk.
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Commission.
DURANT & WHEELER.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
WM. F. THORPE.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Dry Goods.
DR. H. G. MERRY.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
H. T. CRANDALL.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Furniture.
H. K. KEMMAN.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
M. S. WILLARD.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

General Merchandise.
Schnupp & Schultz.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Torrens, Staples & Co.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Hardware.
MARTIN MOWER.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
HURSEY, STAPLES & COE.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Insurance.
Chas. Kuntzeberg.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Livery & Sale.
C. A. Brownley.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Manufactures.
Seymour, Smith & Co.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
George Davis.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Nursery.
P. H. WILLARD, M. D.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
J. K. Reimer, M. D.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.

Painters and Glaziers.
Adam Marley.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Water Board of Trade.
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JOHN MORGAN.
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Surveying.
James H. Spencer.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
Office, 100-110 Main Street, St. Paul, Minn.
Stores & Theaters.
E. Capron.
Dealers in Lumber and Lumber Goods.
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SCHEDULE TIME
Arrival and Departure of Mails

At Stillwater, Minn.
St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.
Marine Mills.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division.
Northern Pacific Railroad.
Direct Route to St. Paul, St. Anthony, Minneapolis, and Chicago and Denver.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.

Summer Arrangement—1878.
St. Paul Train.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.

Minneapolis Train.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.

Delaware Train.
Arrives at 8:00 a. m. 1. Leaves at 8:00 a. m. 1.

St. Paul Train.
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The Messenger.

BEWARD & TAYLOR,
Publishers and Proprietors.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS: \$10.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the publisher, and who directs to his office or to any other person, or who is not responsible for the payment of the paper, is liable for the same.

2. If a person takes a paper from the publisher, and who directs to his office or to any other person, or who is not responsible for the payment of the paper, is liable for the same.

3. The courts have decided that a person who takes a paper from the publisher, and who directs to his office or to any other person, or who is not responsible for the payment of the paper, is liable for the same.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor,
CUSHMAN K. DAVIS,
of St. Paul.

For Lieutenant Governor,
ADOLPH BARTO,
of St. Paul.

For Secretary of State,
S. P. JENKINSON,
of Duluth.

For State Treasurer,
MONS. GRINAGER,
of Duluth.

For Attorney General,
GEORGE P. WILSON,
of Duluth.

Efforts are being made to secure a new trial for young Walworth.

Ossian E. Dodge, for several years past the efficient and popular Secretary of the St. Paul Chamber of Commerce, resigned on Monday, and H. T. Jones of Duluth was elected his successor.

Albertus D. Berry, a Baltimore printer who had been elected treasurer of a benevolent society, disappeared a few days ago, together with \$300 belonging to the society.

According to the Press the St. Paul Superintendent of Schools has recommended the introduction of "music and dancing" in the public schools of that city. The Superintendent insists that he meant "music and dancing."

Mark Twain says "the lion and the lamb lie down together, but when they get up the lion is usually on top of the lamb." This is about the condition the farmers will be in if they trust to the genuine intentions of the Democracy.

Life insurance companies will be loath to take risks on the lives of car conductors in Port Wayne hereafter. Geo. Stanley was killed Monday night while coupling cars, and Thomas Strubor, was killed while coupling cars the next morning.

The Long Island City Oil Works were destroyed by fire on Tuesday, involving a loss of \$200,000. Two men are known to have been burned to death, and two more are missing. The man who caused the fire by lighting his pipe will not do so any more.

The Minneapolis Tribune says that it understands the Graphic proprietors have invited Hall of the Dispatch to go in their balloon. It says "he is so impudently if they could hit him to the var, as an elevating force, they could dispense with 924 feet of good hydrogen gas." A good idea.

The St. Paul Dispatch is happy, having after several years of persistent effort succeeded in becoming a party in a liberal suit. A Congress wants \$3,000 for being called an inhuman father. Lots of inhuman fathers will watch the development of this case with interest.

Snyder, Michigan, has had a blueberry war. George, Elijah, Ezra, and Paul Marshall, Geo. and Edward Lyraft, Walter and Geo. Metcalf, upon being ordered to quit a whortleberry marsh near there by the owner, Mr. Brayton, fell upon him and literally kicked him to death. He leaves a wife and twelve children. They have been arrested and will be held for murder.

On Sunday afternoon some associations wreath entered the old Christ Church, Alexandria, Va., in which President Washington used to worship, and turned the furniture upside down, saturated the cushions and prayer books with coal oil, and stole the silver plate from Washington's pew, and committed several other depredations. We'll capture a small venge the offender was a Democrat.

The railroad passes the delegates to the Demo. Lib. Rep. State Convention recently held at Columbus, Ohio, for half fare, but refused this deduction to the members of the late Republican Convention. It is evident the railroads think their bread is buttered on the Democratic side. But then no Democrat believes in railroad monopoly. Oh, no. All true Democrats are opposed to railroads, especially if they belong to the Grangers.

A LARGE MARRIAGE PROPOSITION. The English Parliament has voted to allow the Duke of Edinburgh an annuity of \$25,000 after his approaching marriage. How easy it is to vote away money earned by the toiling masses. Yet royalty must be supported at the expense of the people.

STILLWATER MESSENGER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 49.

STILLWATER, MINN., FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1873.

WHOLE NO. 933

JOB WORK

EVERY DESCRIPTION
OF PRINTING
MESSENGER ESTABLISHMENT

ESTABLISHED 1854

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
BEWARD & TAYLOR, ST. PAUL, MINN.

TERMS: \$10.00 PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

"CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A
JAWNE"

It is really amusing to read the organs of the New Departure, and to notice the platforms adopted by them whenever the people direct in Convention and repeat their wrongs. The things which are so strongly commented by the press supporting the New Party movement, are just what the Republican party believe and have been trying to put into practice for years, but which have been sneered at and done. By the same persons and papers which now believe them to be the sum and substance of a true political faith. Such sudden transformations are injurious to one's nervous system. They breed vertigo, sickness at the stomach, general debility and finally "death comes and shuts the scene."

THE TERRITORY OF COLUMBIA.

It takes considerable money to run the Territory, formerly the District of Columbia. The Territory covers an area of three thousand square miles, and has about 125,000 inhabitants. Congress appropriated the sum of \$1,000,000 for the Territory last year. The Territory is a vast area of land, and it is necessary to have a large amount of money to run it. The Territory is a vast area of land, and it is necessary to have a large amount of money to run it. The Territory is a vast area of land, and it is necessary to have a large amount of money to run it.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The Americans at Vienna are feeling very jubilant over the victory of the American Mowers and Reapers at the recent trial there. The English and French had made many boasts about the superiority of their mowers and reapers, but the Americans have shown them to be wrong. The Americans have shown them to be wrong. The Americans have shown them to be wrong. The Americans have shown them to be wrong.

GERMANY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

It is evident that the German nation is disappointed in the result of the recent trial. The German nation is disappointed in the result of the recent trial. The German nation is disappointed in the result of the recent trial. The German nation is disappointed in the result of the recent trial. The German nation is disappointed in the result of the recent trial.

THE ST. PAUL DISPATCH IS HAPPY.

The St. Paul Dispatch is happy, having after several years of persistent effort succeeded in becoming a party in a liberal suit. A Congress wants \$3,000 for being called an inhuman father. Lots of inhuman fathers will watch the development of this case with interest. The St. Paul Dispatch is happy, having after several years of persistent effort succeeded in becoming a party in a liberal suit.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Laura D. Fair has struck a balance sheet and found that it cost \$11,000 to amuse herself by the little shooting affair she was engaged in some time ago. A red, white and blue runaway—a horse running away with a barber's pole. A young man in Titusville thought he could not furnish hair for the whole family, so he put some sulphuric acid in the bottle. The last scene of the hired girl when she was running round inquiring the price of false hair.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A Vermont medium is finishing "Edwin Drood," under the spiritual inspiration of Charles Dickens. The book will be ready in September. A lady in Texas has a bonnet which was worn by her great grandmother, 200 years ago, and it is just the style now. What is worse than boarding your mother-in-law? Boarding a full horse car with both hands full of bundles, rain overhead and mud under your feet.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

J. D. Blake, of Rochester, has resigned his position as trustee of Hamline University. His reason is that the University was once fairly located at Rochester, and its removal to St. Paul was caused by trickery and false promises. Blake's resignation is a blow to the University. Blake's resignation is a blow to the University. Blake's resignation is a blow to the University.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

That slavery really exists in the United States there is positive proof. We mentioned last week the sale of Chinese women in California, which should be immediately abolished. But California is not the only place in which slavery exists. The assertion will startle many, but it is true that one of the worst species of slavery exists in New York and probably other large cities. Here it is that Italian children are subjected to a species of slavery which equals that of the South years ago.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

These Italian children are brought here and sold to parties who send them out either to beg or by their vicious and harsh to earn a few pennies, and then half starve them, beat them if they fail to earn as much during the day as their owners think they should. It is the duty of all liberty-loving citizens to call the authorities at these places to an account for permitting such disgrace in this age and in this country. The dark days for such species of cruelty are past. Their sun set when in blood and carnage the last link in the chain of slavery was severed, the last fetter broken. Such transactions are a burning disgrace to Christianized America.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

The Democrats of Ohio met at a State Convention at Columbus on Wednesday, every county being represented. The following ticket was nominated: For Governor, William Allen of Ross; Lieutenant Governor, B. B. Harris of Richmond; Supreme Judge, long term, C. H. Smith of Hamilton; short term, C. H. Smith of Hamilton; Attorney General, M. A. Daugherty of Franklin; Treasurer, George Weiner of Summit; Comptroller, J. K. Newcomer of Marion; Member of Board of Public Works, C. Schenk of Mercer.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

The Groesbeck Hussarek movement was denounced, as was also the salary paid. The State Auditor is taking steps to compel every liquor vendor in the State who has not already done so to take out a special license, the revenue of which is to be devoted to the erection and maintenance of an asylum for imbeciles. The law which requires this to be done imposes the following penalty for neglecting to comply with its provisions: For the first offense a fine of not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars, and for the second and each subsequent offense, a fine of not less than fifty nor more than two hundred dollars, and in default of payment of such fine, shall be imprisoned in the county jail for a period of not less than thirty nor more than sixty days. The law is to be rigidly enforced.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

DIVORCE BUSINESS IN ILL. Brigham Young's 17th wife, Anna Eliza Webb Young, has commenced proceedings for a divorce from her husband, and wants \$20,000 as lawyers' fees (lawyers are modest in Utah as well as in St. Paul) and \$20,000 alimony. She asserts that Brigham's income is \$40,000 a month. The ground for the divorce is alleged neglect and ill treatment. Brigham seeks to harass the plaintiff by pitting-giving tricks, and evidently dreads a trial of the case. We would suggest that he set up in his defense that as no citizen of the United States is allowed more than one wife at the same time, the plaintiff has no cause of action.

SLAVERY AGAIN.

Thousands of friends and admirers give to Hon. Schuyler Colfax an earnest welcome to Minnesota. They congratulate him that he has come through the furnace, where his inspiring force cast him, unscathed and without the smell of fire upon his garments. The confidence of the people in the purity of Schuyler Colfax is wholly unshaken. His principal accuser has been called home, the victim of public odium and the prey of railroading; while the testimony freely offered by men who secretly knew Mr. Colfax by sight, have completely vindicated him from the lies of the nest of unscrupulous newspaper demagogues and assassins who defamed his reputation at Philadelphia and then resolved to ruin him. Three rascals have been publicly whipped, and the public would not let them in any more. David and Nathan story as Mr. Colfax indignantly told of a man who admired him and believed in him, sending him money, unsolicited, by the thousands of dollars. And when this was established, they endeavored to show that Mr. Colfax received it as a bribe. Then they tried to show that he

DALRYMPLE'S GREAT FARM.

L. M. Ford, the agricultural editor of the St. Paul Press, recently visited Dalrymple's mammoth farm in this country, and writes to this paper as follows: "Never having visited the champion wheat farm of Minnesota, I was resolved to do so. On making some inquiry on the streets I was assured that Mr. Dalrymple's brother who has charge of the farm would be in Hastings during the forenoon, as they were now engaged harvesting hands and buying supplies for their large number of men. I was not disappointed. It was not long before Mr. D. was pointed out to me on the street, and while waiting for him I was surprised to meet the younger brother and owner of the farm, who had come from St. Paul in the morning train. About 11 o'clock we were at the Great farm some two miles from Hastings. After giving a few orders to the men who were busy preparing for the harvest, the two brothers drove over the farm and among the wheat fields. It was certainly a grand sight, especially the one from the highest point near the center of the farm. As far as the eye could extend there was a sea of golden grain, the greater part of which was our staple, wheat.

DALRYMPLE'S GREAT FARM.

From this high vantage point we can see about 100,000 bushels of wheat now ready for the reaper, to say nothing of corn, oats, barley, potatoes, and no small amount of timothy and clover meadows. The grand panorama includes portions of Washington and Dakota counties, and also the western part of Ramsey county in Minnesota. After dinner and while waiting for the train Mr. Dalrymple gave me some facts about his farming operations, a few most prominent of which are inserted here to show the reader how wheat growing is done in a large way.

DALRYMPLE'S GREAT FARM.

The home or Great farm, now owned by about 1,000 acres, 900 of which is in wheat, the balance is grass or occupied by the highway or roads about the premises. This is the headquarters of the general operations, and from whence the force of hands move to the other farms as the crops are put in or harvested. Here is a hotel or boarding house to accommodate 100 men at the tables, but a room sleep in the granaries during the time of harvesting the crops. Three men are now employed as cooks, and everything is done in the best possible order. In addition to regular meals they have a lunch in harvest time, out at 9 a. m. the other at 3 p. m. There is plenty to eat here, but no liquor furnished as in the olden time. The number of hands generally employed in harvesting is about 100 at wages ranging from \$2.50 to \$3.00 for day laborers. About 20 horses are required the year round while in time of threshing and haying to market the number runs up to 50 or more. To harvest the crop of his three farms Mr. Dalrymple uses four steam threshers, and four steam tractors. The wheat is not stacked, but hauled from the field to the warehouse at East Hastings, put into cars from the wagons, and sent to Milwaukee. The price obtained last season was \$1.20 per bushel—the freight being about 10 cents. The crop of forty thousand bushels brought a pretty good sum, as will be seen, and the profits above all expenses, including interest on money invested, is set down at 25 per cent.

DALRYMPLE'S GREAT FARM.

The expense as given by Mr. D., is about \$10 per acre, where all is hired by the job. The yield of the Great farm last year was 22 bushels per acre, and this year it should be nearly if not quite as great. There are some large wheat farms in the country, but we believe Oliver Dalrymple takes the lead outside of California.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Information Wanted

On the whereabouts of a girl 17 years old, with dark hair and blue eyes, who left her home in the city on the 24th of July. Any information relative to the whereabouts of her whereabouts will be liberally rewarded by the publisher of this paper.

WANTED

Immediately

A CORRESPONDENT & AGENT

In Every Township in

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Who services will be liberally rewarded.

Address: BEWARD & TAYLOR, Publishers, Stillwater, Minn.

STILLWATER

Marble Works.

SECOND STREET, N. of

Farmer's Store.

PATRICK MURTAGH,

MONUMENTS

GRAVE-STONES,

NEAR THE RIVER,

WASHINGTON COUNTY

FAIR

The Third Annual Fair

Washington Co. Agricultural Socy

Will be held at the

FAIR GROUNDS

Near Stillwater,

SEPT. 16, 17 & 18, 1873.

Competition open to the State and all adjacent counties. Prizes will be given for the best display of fruit, vegetables, and other products of the soil. The fair will be held on the grounds of the Washington Co. Agricultural Society, near Stillwater, Minn.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.
FRIDAY, AUG. 8, 1873.

THE DEACON'S STORY.

[We make no apologies to our readers for inserting the following piece of poetry. On the contrary we recommend them all to read it carefully, and if it does not make them better it will be their fault.—Ed. Shoe and Leather Advertiser.]

The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringing, I guess you know why?
No! well, then, I'll tell you, though
Mostly
It's clattered about on the sky.
Some six months ago a church meeting
Was called from nobody knew what
But we went, and the parson was present.
And I don't know who or what.
Said twenty old members, I believe
Which mostly was women, of course,
Though I don't mean to say aught against 'em.
I've seen many a gathering's worth.
There, in the front row, sat the deacon,
The eldest was old deacon Pryor,
A man countin' four score and seven,
And grand old father of his.

Best he his wife, countin' four score,
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And next her, young deacon Hartley,
A good Christian man, on the whole,
Miss Prudence, a splinter old lady,
And long ago she was a deacon's wife,
Had wedged herself next to deacon Hartley.
Was deacon Norton—that's my friend,
The meeting was soon called to order.
The parson looked grim as a text;
We gazed at each other in silence.
And slowly wondered, "What's next?"

Then slowly arose deacon Hartley,
His voice seemed to tremble with fear,
As he said, "You and man you have known me,
My good friends, long forty year,
And you'd scarcely expect a confession
Of error from me, but I know
My dear wife did not know Christ."

It was nearly ten months ago,
The winter went by long and lonely,
The spring rolled forward apace;
The farm work was on, and I needed
A woman about the old place.

"The children were like ten rabbits,
And still growing wiser every day;
No help to be found in the village,
Although I was willing to pay.
For every thing looked so discouraged,
When good little Deacon McAlpine
Skipped into our kitchen one mornin'.

She had only run in of an errand,
But she laughed at our mischievous light.
And set to work like a woman,
A putting the whole place to rights.
And though her folks were busy,
And illy her help could spare,
She fit in and out like a sparrow,
And most every day she was there.

"So the summer went away sort of cheerful,
But one night my baby, my Joe,
Seemed feverish and fretful, and woke me.
By crying at midnight, you know,
I was tired with my day's work, and sleep.

I couldn't no way keep him still;
So at last I grew angry and spanked him.
And then he screamed out with a yell,
"Just then I heard a soft rattling.
Away at the half-past twelve,
And then little Deacon McAlpine
Walked slowly across the white floor,
Says she, 'I thought Joe was crying.'
I guess I'd beat him away;
I knew you'd be getting up early
To go to the market for him."

"So I stayed here tonight to get breakfast.
I guess he'll be quiet with me.
Come, Joe, kiss papa, and tell him
What a nice little man you will be.
Was sleeping low on the pillow,
And saw the big tears on his cheek;
His face was so close to my whiskers,
Her hands were so soft holding the baby.
Her eyes by his shoulder were hid,
But her mouth was near and so very,
I kissed it. That's just what I did."

Then down sat the trembling sinner.
The sisters they murmured of "shame."
And "she shouldn't oughter to let him;
No doubt she was mighty to let him.
When straightway arose deacon Pryor,
"Now brethren and sisters," he said,
"(We knowed then that deacon's was comin'")
And all sat still as the dead.

"You've heard brother Hartley's confession,
And I speak for myself when I say,
That if my wife was dead, and my child
Were all grown up worse every day,
And if my house needed attention,
And Deacon McAlpine had come,
And filled the clutter'd up kitchen,
And made the place look more like home.

And if I was worn out and sleepy,
And my baby wouldn't lie still,
As babies, we know, sometimes will;
And if Deacon came in to bust him,
And "was all out like a sparrow,"
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And bide by the consequences."

Then down sat the elderly deacon.
The younger one filled his face,
And a smile rippled over the meekin'.
"Like light in a shadowy place."
Perhaps, then, the maternal sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or the daughters at home by their fire-sides,
Shrunk each in her shy, modest truth.

For their judgments grew gentle and kindly,
And—well—as I started to say,
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Are ringing a bridal day.

—Ed. Shoe and Leather Advertiser.

Sign for the poor in Boston cost about \$4,000 the past year, and "refreshments" for the poor city government \$11,000.

THE SQUIRE'S MISTAKE.

Squire Dudley was in his garden pulling weeds in his patch of time-strawberries, on the morning when he took a fancy for Ruth Lee's pretty face. She came down the road looking fresh as a new blow, in her plain dress and straw hat. Her brown hair, cut quite short, lay all around her face in little rings, and her blue eyes and bright cheeks made her seem a picture as one often sees. Squire Dudley saw her just as she came opposite the strawberry patch, and called out, "Good morning," in his bristly cheery way.

"O, good morning," she answered. "You mustn't scare the Squire, Dudley. I didn't see you until you spoke."

"Pleasant morning, is it?" said the Squire coming to the fence. Ruth, "I told mother that he had never noticed what a fresh, charming face widow Lee's daughter had before."

"Our strawberries?" laughed Ruth. "We haven't got one. Our old rooster got in one day, about a week ago, and picked all he could eat, and then he roared his horns in, and between them they ruined our strawberry crop."

"You had?" exclaimed the sympathetic Squire. "Have some of these, Ruth. They are just ripe enough to be good."

He picked some great clusters of ripe berries and handed them over the fence to her.

"Thank you," said Ruth, smiling. "How nice they are. Mother was asking great calculations on her strawberry jam. She was terribly vexed when she found out what the hens had done."

"I've got lots to spare," said the Squire. "I'll send some over to your mother."

"She'll be much obliged to you," said Ruth, "if you have more than you want."

"Plenty of them," answered the Squire, "plenty of them. Can have them just as well as not."

"Good morning," said Ruth. "Good morning," returned the Squire, looking after her as she went down the road. "I declare, there isn't a prettier girl in town than Ruth Lee. I wonder some of the young fellows haven't got her away from the widow. If I was young, now—"

Squire Dudley stopped suddenly. An idea had just flashed across his brain. He looked at his watch. It was half-past twelve. He had just finished his strawberries. So it was all settled between them. And he had come near proposing to his son's intended wife. He felt cold all over at the thought of it. He didn't like to take Ruth into his confidence, and tell him when he had concluded to marry.

"I declare," exclaimed the Squire, "I've made a mistake this time, sure enough. The rascal got the start of me. I'd like to know what I'm to do? I've told him that I intended to get married, and I don't like to tell him that I'm not."

The Squire was in trouble. Another bright thought occurred to him. There was the widow. After all, she would be more suitable for him than Ruth would have been. She was somewhere near his own age. A fine woman. A smart woman. She would make a fine mistress for his empty house. Why shouldn't he marry her, since he couldn't have her daughter?

"I'll do it," exclaimed the Squire, "I'll do it with the matter. I'll do it since he had gone so far. 'I'll do it.'"

He knocked. The door was opened by the widow, round checked, rosy and smiling.

"Why, Squire Dudley! Good evening," she exclaimed. "I hardly knew you at first, you haven't been here in so long. Come in, take this rocking chair, and let me take your hat."

The widow bustled about and got the Squire a chair and deposited his hat on the table before he happened to think of his basket.

"O! Ruth told me your strawberry crop had proved a failure, so I thought I'd run over and bring you a few. Strawberry short-cake don't go like this time of year."

"I'm a thousand times obliged to you," said the widow, taking the basket. "I was so provoked to think the hens should spoil mine. Such a nice lot as I would have had."

"If you want any preserves, come over and get 'em," said the Squire. "We've plenty of 'em. Mrs. Brown's won't do anything with 'em, except as we use them in the season of them, I suppose."

"I want to know," exclaimed the widow. "You ought to have them done up. They're so nice in the winter. I would like to get some for jam; and if Mrs. Brown won't take care of them, I'll do them up on shares."

"I wish you would," said the Squire. "Things are all going to wreck and ruin about my place. I want to be expected a hired woman take any interest in affairs; and here he sighed deeply. "No, that's so."

It was strange that the Squire had not found out how things were going to wreck and ruin before. Mrs. Brown had been there ever since Mrs. Dudley died.

"Of course not," answered Charley. "You can do as you think. If you don't think it advisable to get a wife, I have nothing to say further than the hope that you will get someone who will make you happy."

"She will," said the Squire, very decidedly. "She will, I am sure."

"May I ask who it is?" inquired Charley.

"I haven't asked her yet," answered the Squire, as red as a rose. "I'd rather wait until I'm sure of her before I tell who it is. She might say no, you see, and I should feel rather cheap."

Prudent Squire Dudley. That afternoon he picked a patch of his finest strawberries, and directly after he started off across the field in the direction of the widow Lee's, with the berries on his arm. It was dusk before he got to the widow's, for he walked slowly. He had very busy thoughts for company. He was wondering what it was best to do. Should he propose at once to Ruth, or should he see her mother first and talk with her? He concluded that the last was the wiser plan. As he opened the gate noiselessly, he heard voices in the other corner of the garden, and stopped a moment to find out it was the widow and her daughter.

"I never had an idea of it before," said a voice which he recognized as Charley's; "not the least in the world. He said he hadn't thought anything about it until today. I couldn't find out who he had in view. I hope it isn't Miss Sharp. She would like to get somebody."

"Thank you," said Ruth, smiling. "How nice they are. Mother was asking great calculations on her strawberry jam. She was terribly vexed when she found out what the hens had done."

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It was strange that the Squire had not found out how things were going to wreck and ruin before. Mrs. Brown had been there ever since Mrs. Dudley died.

The Squire and the widow kept up a very brisk conversation, and at the end of an hour he was more deeply in love with the widow than with her daughter, and began to wonder how he had been so blind as to overlook so delightful a woman so long.

By-and-by the widow bustled with a present, and the Squire with a

pitcher of last year's cider and a plate of cake.

"Do have something to eat and drink," urged the widow. "If I knew you were coming I'd have made a cherry pie. I remember you used to like my cherry pies."

"I wish you'd come and make cherry pies all your life," blurted out the Squire, turning very red in the face again. "I—I came to ask you to marry me, Mrs. Lee."

After which innocent falsehood the Squire felt decidedly relieved. "I'm sure I'd be a lucky fellow as any man," answered the widow blushing, and looking as pretty as a rose.

"It's all settled then," cried the delighted Squire, and kissed her plump on her lips just as the door opened, and Charley and Ruth came in.

"Allow me to make you acquainted with my new housekeeper," said the Squire, bowing very low to hide his real face.

"And allow me to present my wife that is to be," answered Charley. "You take the mother and I'll take the daughter."

I am happy to say that, under the new administration, things are no longer going to wreck and ruin.

HELPING CHILDREN TO LIE.
This thing is bound up in the hearts of children, it would be come me to deny, but certainly, it is often noticed. Indeed, children there are few who will not tell lies, the testimony of their children to the contrary, notwithstanding.

But of two facts I am reasonably sure. First, that children's falsehoods are often as much the parents' fault as the children's. Secondly, that children do not lie as much as grown up people do, and seem to do so only from want of skill and long practice.

Lies are instruments of attack or defense, and so may be classed as offensive or defensive. Children's lies are most always defensive, and the most part are sharp, and are used to defend themselves against parents, nurses, older brothers and sisters and school-masters. Being weak and helpless, concealment is, in their case, as in the animal kingdom, almost the only means of defense. Children's lies are, in hundreds of instances, mere attempts to hide themselves from sharp censures or sharper whippings.

Take a case from life. Master Harry is sent to milk one day in winter, but with strict instructions not to stop and skate. But the point was so inviting, the boys there were so merry, they so persistently teased him, that it was not in his social little heart to refuse. On reaching home he is questioned: "Why have you been so long, Harry?"

"On the grist was not ground, and I had to wait."

"Did you go into the pond?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

Here is a pretty tangle of lies! The old gentleman runs his hand into the bag, and finds the meal stone cold. He rides over to the mill to inquire about matters, and finds that the grist had been ground the day before. He rides home and calls up the archer, who knew that a grist now was to be ground, and told him he had been away from the office of the grist-mill, and that he had been in the mill, and next, upon cross-examination, a secondary lie explanatory and defensive of the first. Of course punishment was earned and deserved; but the boy did not lie because he liked to, or because he was indifferent to the consequences of his lies; he lied because he was weak and helpless, and tried to hide behind a lie. The refuge proved treacherous, as it ought to have done. But now, in these no lesson to parents in this thing? Shall they hastily place their children between such unequal motives as Conscience and Fear? The lever should be placed behind the wheel, and tried to kick behind a lie. 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 Practice in all the courts of the State. Office in
 Stillwater, Minn.
C. H. COMFORT.
 Attorney at Law, 208 N. 1st St. Office in
 Stillwater, Minn.
CORRY & LUCKY.
 Attorneys at Law, 208 N. 1st St. Office in
 Stillwater, Minn.
E. G. HUTTS.
 Attorney and General Land and Insurance Agent.
 Corner Commercial and Second Streets.
H. R. MURDOCK.
 Attorney at Law and Real Estate Broker.
 208 N. 1st St. Office in Stillwater, Minn.

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FIRST NATIONAL.
 Main Street, Stillwater, Minn. Capital and Surplus
 \$100,000. Deposits received. Loans made.
Commercial National Bank.
 Capital, \$100,000. Deposits received. Loans made.
 Office in Stillwater, Minn.

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 Building and Contracting. Office in
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ARTHUR STEPHENS.
 Building and Contracting. Office in
 Stillwater, Minn.
W. M. WILLIAMS.
 Building and Contracting. Office in
 Stillwater, Minn.
G. W. BATTLES.
 Building and Contracting. Office in
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HERMAN TEPASS.
 Building and Contracting. Office in
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E. C. COLE. Sheriff.
H. R. MURDOCK. Clerk of Court.
J. C. BROWN. Assessor.
J. C. BROWN. Treasurer.
J. C. BROWN. Surveyor.
J. C. BROWN. Coroner.
J. C. BROWN. Notary Public.
J. C. BROWN. Justice of the Peace.
J. C. BROWN. Constable.

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E. C. COLE. Sheriff.
H. R. MURDOCK. Clerk of Court.
J. C. BROWN. Assessor.
J. C. BROWN. Treasurer.
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J. C. BROWN. Justice of the Peace.
J. C. BROWN. Constable.

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 Real Estate and Insurance. Office in
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 Dealer in all kinds of Goods and
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HERBERT STAPLES & CO.
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MOORE & KINSELLA.
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Chas. Kattenberg.
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Every Day Sale.
E. A. BRADLEY.
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Seymour, Smith & Co.
 Manufacturers of all kinds of Goods and
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Nurses.
George Davis.
 Nurse and Midwife. Office in
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P. H. MILLARD, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon. Office in
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J. R. ROY, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon. Office in
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J. C. ROY, M. D.
 Physician and Surgeon. Office in
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Adam Martz.
 Painter and Glazier. Office in
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SCHEDULE TIME

Arrival and Departure of Mails
 At Stillwater, Minn.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and the East.
 Arrives at 9:30 a. m. Leaves at 1:30 p. m.

Marine Mills.
 Arrives at 11 a. m. Leaves at 1:30 p. m.

Hubson, Wis.
 Arrives at 9 a. m. Leaves at 1:30 p. m.

Lake Superior & Mississippi Division.
 Northern Pacific Railroad.

Direct Route to St. Paul, St.
 Anthony, Minneapolis, and the East.

Trained, Motored and all points
 on Northern Pacific R. R. and
 Red River, Duluth, Lake
 Superior and Lower
 Lake ports.

Summer Arrangement—1878.
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THE MESSENGER.

GORDON GORDON'S BIOGRAPHY.
 HIS CONFIDENCE GAMES IN EUROPE
 AND AMERICA.

From the New York Sun.

The origin and early career of
 the self-styled Lord Gordon Gor-
 don have been a perplexing mystery
 to New Yorkers. When testifying
 in the Gould suit Gordon, in a
 vague and mysterious way, en-
 deavored to convey the impression
 that he was of noble blood, the nat-
 ural offspring of some powerful
 earl or duke. The title which he
 claimed in Scotland, and which he
 used as an excellent one for his pur-
 poses of deceit, as there is more than
 one Lord Gordon. A careful ex-
 amination of "Dorke's Peerage"
 resulted in leaving no doubt that
 Gordon was a fraud, there being no
 person of that name entitled, either
 by right or courtesy, to be called a
 lord.

Gordon is said to be the illegit-
 imate son of the Rev. Dr. Hobery,
 master of Hayes, Kent, England.
 The exact year of his birth is not
 known, but in 1810 he was in the
 employ of a firm of London ware-
 housemen. He robbed his employers,
 but they allowed him to go
 without prosecution. He was
 known at that time by the name of
 John Hamilton. He next appeared
 as a schoolmaster and subsequently
 as a well in Yeovil, Somersetshire.
 Leaving his hills in Yeovil un-
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 became religious, and he was
 the subject of a sermon by the
 Rev. John Hamilton developed into
 the Hon. Herbert Hamilton. The
 Hon. Herbert Hamilton was re-
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 in the Bird mansion, which he did.
 He also borrowed large sums of
 money from Mr. Bird, and even
 endeavored to keep up his associa-
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 oping the Hon. Herbert Hamilton
 assumed the title of Lord Glen-
 cairn, explaining to his friends that
 it was his mother's name, and that
 he had succeeded to her vast es-
 tates and a peerage. He rented a
 room at 57 Lincoln's Inn Fields,
 London, introducing himself to a
 firm of solicitors, Howard, Pad-
 don & Co., as the Hon. H. Glen-
 cairn, the legitimate heir to the
 Glencairn estates, at the same time
 depositing with them a number of
 strong boxes, which bore in gold
 the name
 "RIGHT HON. LORD GLENCAIRN,"
 and which were said to contain the
 family plate, jewels and deeds. To
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 is a fortune to an English solicitor,
 and Howard, Padson & Co., a
 highly respectable firm, were ready
 enough to do business for the wealthy
 and inexperienced heir. In the
 summers of 1868 and 1869 Lord
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 Glencairn, Scotland, where he re-
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 came acquainted with the Rev. J. D.
 Simpson, of the Free Church, to
 whom he stated that he had a
 place at Lanarkshire, and another
 in Ayrshire. He also hinted that
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for her hair was purplish blue, long and waving, her eyes a dark blue, heavily shaded with long, dark lashes, the eyebrows daintily arched, the nose small, the lips thin.

'What a beautiful pin you have on,' said I going up close and pretending to examine it, so I could see if it was my cross. Yes, the same. I did not ask her how she got it. It was enough to know she had it, and I was too angry to inquire into it, or to weigh the truth of her words, but was satisfied

state of feverish excitement, first going to the door to see if he was coming, then flushing painfully when I thought how he would find me changed, forgetting that time had left its mark on him as well as myself.

I heard a step on the gravel walk. I went to the door and saw a tall, portly man, with a military air and gray hair and beard,

nicely, and begins to sing. It does sound well without the accompaniment that Robert thought was sweet, so she sits down and begins to play. While she is practicing Robert comes along. He hears her. He stops. He enters. She stops. He wants to hear the sweet song. Came in only for the She is too hoarse. She could think of singing with her hair tied up in a towel, but she does.

Oscoda, Wisconsin,

All kinds of

FLOUR & FEED

Constantly on hand and for sale.

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Sawyer House

Office in Hoopes Block, Main Street, Billwau
921-46 B. O. MERRY, Dealer

WEBSTER. BROS.
GENERAL PAINTER
Shop on Second Street, south of Chestnut.
French, Signs, Ornamental & House Paint.
Graining, Glazing & Paper Hanging.
Graining done in imitation of Oak, Blackwa
Rockwood, Mahogany, Chestnut, &c. Jan

W. H. PRATT, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

MR. JOHN MATHIE
264 Third st., St. Paul.
DEALER IN
CARPETS

General Agent, St. Paul, Minnesota.
C. H. MIX, Agent for Washington and adjoining
Counties. 207-154

Auerbach, Charles, Wash., and
JOBBERS OF
DRY GOODS
AND
NOTIONS

Dealers in
Grain, Flour & Feed of all Kinds
Keep constantly on hand a superior quality
Winter Wheat Flour.
Also the Super of Old and Hard Maple
Highest price paid at all times for Corn and
Office at "Red Warehouse," on the Le
ceiling Stillwater, Minn.
A. L. LARPENTEUR,
WHEELAB12
Commission & Merchants
and General Merchandise Dealer.

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The Messenger.

BEWARD & TAYLOR,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
TERMS: TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM
IN ADVANCE.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the postoffice or other direct to his name or another's or whether he has taken it or not is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay all arrears due to the publisher before the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the postoffice, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

Republican Nominations.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor
USIMAN K. DAVIS.

For Lieutenant Governor
ADOLPH BARTO.

For Secretary of State
S. P. JENNISON.

For State Treasurer
MOSS GRINGER.

For Attorney General
GEORGE P. WILSON.

President Grant celebrates his silver wedding to-day.

Hon. H. D. Barron of Polk county, Wis., was nominated for State Senator at Hudson on Wednesday.

Bishop James of the M. E. church was dangerously ill at his residence in Merriestown, New York, Wednesday night.

The State Fair is to be held in St. Paul in September, commencing on Tuesday, the 23d, and continuing four days.

The Northern Pacific railroad company is advertising for proposals for grading and bridging the line of that road from Bismarck, the present terminus, to the Yellowstone, a distance of 205 miles. It is expected that cars will be running to the Yellowstone by the close of next year.

According to the Cleveland (O.) Leader, the movement to repeal the clause in the state constitution which exempts church property from taxation, meets with almost universal approval in that State. We believe all classes in this State, be they sectarians or skeptics, will favor the taxation of church property if they give the subject any considerable thought.

We were soothed on Wednesday morning by glancing over the local lines in the St. Paul Press. They read:

"Decline in Horrors—No Striking Railroad Casualties this Morning—Well Thrown Over the Board in Illinois And See if Anybody is to Blame—Perhaps Some of Those Conductors Had Better Be Arrested—A Few Canadian and Other Passengers Come Within an Act of Anarchy on the Shining Shore."

We never read of a man who was the target for more shots than President Grant is from the opposition press. It matters not what he does, they try to fit him. If he should, they hit him. If he goes to Washington, or stays away, if he takes a little pleasure excursion with his family, the harpies commence their gibes. They are bound to annoy him if possible. But these same persons estimate their influence in the wrong ratio. It decreases while they continually look for an increase.

These attacks on the President show a most venomous disposition, a bitter animosity which looks childish, a desire to vent out their spleen which one might well believe arises from an over abundance of bile, caused by a disordered state of the stomach. Well, let the poor helpless cork bark. The arrows of their scorn will have about as much effect on President Grant, as a tuft of grass thrown at a crocodile's thick skinned body.

FIRE IN ST. PAUL.

A fire in St. Paul on Wednesday afternoon destroyed F. St. Germain's livery stable on Seventh street, between Jackson and Robert, and burned ten valuable horses and several cutters, etc. Loss, about \$10,000, mostly covered by insurance.

A. B. C. F. M.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the leading missionary society of the world, holds its annual convention in Minneapolis this year, commencing Tuesday evening, Sept. 23, and closing on the 25th. This convention promises to be the largest religious gathering ever held in Minnesota.

THE HARVEST.

From accounts received from all parts of the State, there can be no doubt but that the crops of this year are superior to those of almost any year for some time past. The weather has been propitious for the farmers to secure the grain, which by this time must all be cut. Now if the farmers will be careful and not let the grain be wasted, we see no reason why the crop of wheat and other grains may not be a source of profit, and assist in making business brisk.

STILLWATER.

VOL. XVIII--NO. 51.

DEATH OF HON. AUGUSTUS ARM STRONG.

Hon. Augustus Armstrong, recently United States Marshal for Minnesota, died on Monday last, at Delavan, Wis. He had been ill for some time, but his death was very unexpected.

SUNSET AGAIN.

Hon. Samuel Cox has been nominated by the Democrats of the Third Congressional District of New York, to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Hon. James Brooks. It is very difficult to keep Sunset out of Congress. Evidently his sun does not set very long at a time.

NEW WATERS.

It rather appears to us that there is a great necessity for reuniting offices to be opened in the interests of the new party movement. There is a great want in the number of the rank and file. The concern is getting top-heavy from the great number of generals and other officers. What they want is men enlisting. The battle cry has been raised, and now for the men to carry on the conflict.

CHICAGO VS. ST. LOUIS.

Quite a feeling is being engendered between Chicago and St. Louis in regard to their population. But Chicago seems to have gone several better on St. Louis, or the census man did, which naturally makes Chicago happy. Her new directory, it is claimed, contains 125,000 names, and if such name represents three and one-half persons, Chicago will have a population of 465,170. It is said many names were omitted, but St. Louis was beaten any way.

Accounts of accidents, murders, suicides, and crimes of all kinds, are in the face as we read the papers of the day. Some of the most heinous crimes are being committed, crimes which should put to blush even the cheek of a savage. And these are on the increase. Bad blood, evil dispositions, avarice, envy, and general wickedness seem to have joined hands in an effort to startle the people by the horrible news of their deeds.

Bad, bold men seem to be running wild in the country. Now it is a robbery, then a suicide, then a murder, then a railroad horror, which launches scores into eternity. Frills before courts, incarceration in prisons, and hanging do not check crime.

Such is the outgrowth of wickedness, that we sometimes feel that even the Prince of Darkness stands appalled at the evil doings of his earthly satellites. We believe in being lenient when leniency would be justice to all. Too often the punishment inflicted for offenses are too light. Too often a tender hearted executive will issue pardons to offenders. We believe in sympathy, but if a person goes straight on, and with his eyes wide open, knowing the consequences, commits an offense, the goal of society demands his punishment, and we are doing an injustice both to ourselves and to society at large if we allow our sympathy to outrun our sense of justice. Deliberate, cold blooded crime should be deliberately, sufficiently punished. There are cases in which justice should be mingled with mercy, but so long as evil stalks among us to the extent in now does, so long must adequate punishment be provided for the guilty.

ANOTHER FERRIS RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A most terrible accident occurred on the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis railroad, last Saturday night, about twenty miles from Chicago, by an incoming freight train colliding with an express passenger train, by which the latter was almost entirely wrecked, killing six persons outright, and fearfully injuring fifty or sixty more, several of whom have since died.

The accident was caused by the conductor of the freight train leaving the station at Leominster, instead of waiting till the passenger train had passed. There seems to have been great negligence and indifference on the part of the railroad officials, as the accident occurred at half past ten in the evening, and though but twenty miles from Chicago, help did not reach the sufferers till nearly three o'clock the next morning. Even the fact of the accident was not known save by the officials, for several hours.

The engineer and conductor of the freight train have been arrested on a warrant of manslaughter.

We wish they could be tried and convicted of murder in the first degree, and then swing for it. Somebody is to blame for this terrible slaughter, and it is very evident that the freight train given, who and the people will see men with a heartless, for just so long as the men in whose hands so many human lives are placed are allowed to willfully run into danger, just so long will heartless men be sacrificed to the greed of a few.

A negro stole a carpet from a Tennessee church and cut it up into horse blankets. As this church believed in immersion, they all went to broad river to see him immersed. For some unaccountable reason he was held under just one minute too long.

BARRIS IS WILLY.

Louis Fisher, the editor of the St. Paul Pioneer, is prominently spoken of as a suitable person to receive the nomination for Governor on the Democratic ticket. This Mr. Fisher is the most competent man for the position who can be found to run on the Democratic ticket we have no doubt. The following paragraphs from the Pioneer indicate that he will not decline the honor (?) if tendered him. He is evidently training to play the role of the horny-handed candidate.

"While we appreciate the broad humor that suggests an editor as a candidate for State office, we ought to admonish our brethren that they overlook the real mission of the press. Its chief office, as now seen, is to manufacture great men, while the editor remains in comfortable obscurity. True enough, some of the productions emanating from the factory are rather poor fabrications, and not always a source of intense pride to the maker, but such as they are they make up the sum total of official eminence and distinction. As resurrectionists of littleness, the press has exhibited unequalled success in some of the States. In ranking along the bottom, its net takes in whatever comes, while under forms are but too happy to escape into the open sea. When broader meshes are used it will capture larger fish."

"The objections to an editor holding office are manifold. They have no natural authority for it. It would destroy independence. To spoil an editor and make a poor of him, would be like using rowlock to build a mud-scow. Most editors, too, have grown from mechanics. Does our present republican system allow the perfume of the workshop to penetrate an executive chamber? They work for a living. Is that respectable and high toned? Do not the people prefer the fragrance of curled locks, and hair parted in the middle, to hard hands and the odor of honest sweat? And then, the editor who is expected to know every thing, has no 'profession.' How can there be any thing respectable that is not covered with that word of tremendous import in the social scale?"

ANOTHER PACIFIC RAILWAY SCANDAL.

Canada is having her share of enjoyment in relation to the proposed investigation of the doings of the Canada Pacific Railway. A position was signed by 94 members of the Opposition party and presented to Lord Dufferin, praying him not to postpone Parliament until the Pacific Railway scandal should be investigated. The Governor General returned to not accept by advice of his ministry. Parliament opened, and a scene of confusion ensued which equaled anything usually seen on this side of the line. Mackenzie, the leader of the Opposition, took the floor and demanded a hearing. The Speaker cried "order." The Opposition cried "order." The Speaker said he had received a message from His Excellency ordering him to prorogue the House. Then amid the greatest excitement, the sergeant-at-arms, followed by the Speaker, marched out of the house, leaving the Opposition baffled and mortified.

The investigation in the way the Opposition wanted it, was a failure. The Governor afterward announced that he would appoint a royal commission to investigate the Pacific Railway scandal, and there the matter rests. Still the excitement of the people is on the increase.

THE ENGINEER OF THE COAL TRAIN WHICH CAUSED THE TERRIBLE COLLISION AND SLAUGHTER ON THE CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD LAST SATURDAY NIGHT TESTIFIED AT A CORNER'S INQUEST ON TUESDAY, THAT HE FOUND AFTER THE ACCIDENT THAT HIS WATCH WAS HOUR TOO SLOW. SINGULAR HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN HOUR AHEAD OF TIME. THAT STORY IS TOO THIN TO HANG TOGETHER.

The engineer is under arrest, and the railroad company has instructed the civil authorities to secure the arrest of the coal train conductor at any cost.

MARK MENTION.

Will B. B. but if the people bolt B. B.?

An enterprising Buffalo man probed the head of his son-in-law in an exploring expedition after brains.

The detectives who have been pursuing the Iowa train robbers have turned their attention to making contracts for cranberries.

A New York broker coughed West, offered to care for a "poor lone widow" he found on the way, and she in the kindness of her heart, took care of his gold watch and \$300 for him.

A negro stole a carpet from a Tennessee church and cut it up into horse blankets. As this church believed in immersion, they all went to broad river to see him immersed. For some unaccountable reason he was held under just one minute too long.

OLKANINGS FROM OUR STATE EXCHANGES.

Mr. C. B. Hullock, of Northfield, had his left arm terribly crushed in the machinery of a reaper, Monday of last week.

Atchewa has been furnished to Kansas five editors in less than a year; namely: Moser, Sharpe, Palmer, Sargent, Allaire and Marlock.

Jacob Wiedemann, a hotel proprietor at St. Charles, was robbed of a pocketbook containing \$400, Saturday, the 10th. The thieves are still at large.

G. Darr, who lives near the Red Jacket Mill, complained his harvest on Tuesday. The harvester he employed is not so new as the name he gives it. He had 35 acres of grain, of which a part was rye and oats, and the balance wheat of two varieties, the first ripening before the Oakes. With his blade in hand and a boy about 17 years of age, laboring at monthly wages, he sailed forth to gather in the broad acres of ripening grain, and concluded the job on Tuesday, with a cash expenditure of 33 cents per acre. At the rate paid for harvest hands it would have cost a cash outlay of \$3.50 per acre—a clear saving of \$114.12, in 21 days. It is quite possible that the harvester might have made a profit by many who have adopted the more improved reapers. Mr. G. so diversified his crops, as to have them ripen in succession so that no grain stood waiting for the sickle. By this means he was able to march into the field alone and with strong arms gather the fruits of seed time at a limited cost.—Mankato Union.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

There will be a special meeting of the Company for general business on WEDNESDAY, the 27th inst., at 8 o'clock. It is hereby requested that every member should be present. T. H. WARREN, Secretary.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

All persons are hereby forbidden to trust my son, Willis H. Webb, on any account, as I will be responsible for all debts contracted by him after the date.

J. C. WEBB.

Stillwater, August 20, 1873.

NOTICE.

City Clerk's Office, Stillwater, Minn., Aug. 22, 1873.

To Harry Wilson, F. E. Joy, Albert Andri, Elias J. McDermott, Martin Moore, and all other persons interested in the premises hereinafter described or any part thereof:

You and each of you are hereby notified that whereas more than 100 persons are residing in the city of Stillwater, in the State of Minnesota, by their certain petition presented to the City Council of said city it is necessary to take the following action, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot four (4) and running thence easterly along the south line of said lot four (4) and thence northerly along Sixth street, fifty feet; thence easterly three hundred feet to Fifth street; thence southerly along Fifth street fifty feet to the place of beginning, and containing fifteen thousand square feet of land.

The following land owned by F. E. Joy, Esq., all that part of lot eight (8) in block three (3) in the southeast corner of said lot four (4) and running thence easterly along the south line of said lot four (4) and thence northerly along Sixth street, fifty feet; thence easterly three hundred feet to Fifth street; thence southerly along Fifth street fifty feet to the place of beginning, and containing fifteen thousand square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Albert Andri, Esq., all that part of lot eight (8) in block three (3) in the southeast corner of said lot four (4) and running thence easterly along the south line of said lot four (4) and thence northerly along Sixth street, fifty feet; thence easterly three hundred feet to Fifth street; thence southerly along Fifth street fifty feet to the place of beginning, and containing fifteen thousand square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Elias J. McDermott, Esq., all that part of lot eight (8) in block three (3) in the southeast corner of said lot four (4) and running thence easterly along the south line of said lot four (4) and thence northerly along Sixth street, fifty feet; thence easterly three hundred feet to Fifth street; thence southerly along Fifth street fifty feet to the place of beginning, and containing fifteen thousand square feet of land.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.
FRIDAY, AUG. 22, 1878.

THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life
If we'd only stop to take it;
And many a tone for the better land
If the quivering heart would make it.
To the soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust is full
Of the grace that is in the flowers
And the grass that is in the meadow.
Better hope, though the clouds hang
Low,
And keep the eyes still lifted,
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep
Through
When the ominous clouds are lifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb
goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.
There's many a gem in the path of life
Which we pass in our life's pleasure;
There's many a far more than the jeweled
crown
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a child,
Or the mother's prayer for her
Or only a beggar's grateful thank
For a cup of water given.
Better to wear in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a cheerful
heart,
And hands that are ready and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, minute
thread
Of one's own lives slender,
And then leave heaven for tangled
nets,
And sit and grieve and wail.

THE STORY OF THE ALAMO.

BY REV. EDWARD R. WRIGHT, M.D., D.D.
(From the New York Evangelist, July 24.)
With the exception, perhaps, of
two or three of the original histo-
rians, no State in the Union has had
so varied or interesting a history as
Texas. From the landing of the
gallant French knight, La Salle at
Matagorda Bay in 1685, there has
been excitement enough in the his-
tory of the Lone Star State to tell
the reader of the most sensational
novel. The Spanish succeeded the
French, the Mexicans the Spanish,
the bold heroes of the Republic of
Texas the Mexicans, in their rule
of the country, until at last Texas
became one of the States of the
Union.

We desire in this article to tell
the story of the "Alamo," draw-
ing most of the facts from "Yok-
nah's History of Texas."
The mission founded by Francis-
can priests in 1758, after wander-
ing about to find a permanent set-
tling place, was at last established in
1744 near San Antonio, where was
erected the church of the "Alamo."
To the church was added also a
convent, a hospital and soldiers'
quarters, all surrounded by a wall
of thick stone work.

From the close of the American
Revolution many of the Mexicans
having become impatient to achieve
the independence of their country
and throw off the Spanish yoke,
much sympathy was felt for them
in the United States, and promises
of aid were frequently extended by
certain parties at the head of whom
was the celebrated Aaron Burr.
Burr no doubt intended to estab-
lish an independent government in
Mexico, and was actually descend-
ing the Mississippi for this purpose
when his arrest by the government
put an end to this scheme.

Others, however, were ready to
carry it out, and many adventures
from the United States joined the
revolutionary Mexicans and Texans,
and in a battle against the San An-
tonio in 1813 nearly a thousand of
the Spanish army were slain and
wounded. All the stores and arms
at San Antonio were surrendered to
the revolutionists who were impris-
oned there.

Internal dissensions in Mexico
prevented the intended punishment
of these refractory colonists in
Texas, who seemed to have main-
tained for many years a chronic
state of revolution, goaded on by
the tyranny and impatience of the
Spanish and (after 1821, the date of
Mexican independence), Mexican
authorities. It became more and
more evident that the question aris-
ing from differences of race, civil-
ization and religion, would not per-
mit Texas to be a very congenial
part of the Mexican Confederacy,
and after the long continued fail-
lure of Mexico to the Federal
Constitution of 1824, Texas deter-
mined to strive for independence.

In 1835 a little army of Texans,
two or three hundred in number,
attacked 1700 Mexicans entrenched
in the "Alamo" and in San An-
tonio, and took these from them. In-
dependence was formally declared
March 2, 1836, but already General
Salm Anna, the President of the
Mexican Confederacy, was on his
way with an army of several thou-
sand men to subdue the rebellious
Texans.

February 23, he arrived before
the Alamo, into the walls of which
Travis, with 145 brave Texans had
retreated for defense; and on the
24th Travis sends a letter to the
Texan authorities, imploring aid.
"I am besieged by a thousand or
more of the Mexicans. I shall
never surrender or retreat! Then
I call on you in the name of Lib-
erty, of Patriotism, of everything
dear to the American character, to
come to our aid with all despatch.
The enemy are executing reinforce-
ments daily, and will no doubt in-

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

Our modern life is in some re-
spects drying up, and our young
men are too often mere sticks, with-
out a living idea of generous hup-
ration. They sometimes do this
most to spoil young women, and
young women repay the folly with
allied grace and sensibility. The
true womanhood, in its quick per-
ception, ready wit, flashing intui-
tion, personal devotedness, and
high fidelity, must come to the re-
cue. She must show us that under
her interpretation reason is not a
cold and heartless rationalism, but
a genial, loving wisdom, with a ray
as glowing as it is luminous for our
pathway and our home. She can
teach us that virtue is not a hard
law, a dull formula, a harsh neg-
ation, but a living inspiration, draw-
ing power from the eternal love,
and going forth in beautiful
freedom to its conflict and to its
peace. All men may confess to a
share of weakness for the ring of
pretty girls who are found almost
everywhere trying to make medi-
ocrity charming, and to keep up
the old routine of empty show and
petty clique. We understand in
some degree the power of that ring
of grace when they pass into fa-
vored establishments, the pet wives
of husbands whose principles and
aspirations are not always the bet-
ter by this charming petticoat gov-
ernment. But among the girls and
the matrons we have seen enough
of what a true woman can be to
make us wish and strive that she
may be a more frequent fact and
power in these new times that
threaten dangers as well as promise
privilege, and call upon men and
women to study together the sci-
ence and the art of the social order
which they are to suffer or to enjoy
together. We often call our time
the age of mechanism, but it ought
to be the millennium of idealism
and faith; for within all the facts
of nature and history mysterious
forces move, and over all the sur-
face show the signs of a new
epoch, and the old order is being
often forgotten. If men are
to have the more human and
divine view of the uni-
verse, and becoming as sensitive
as the machines by which they make
their money, women do not tend
that way, and even their faults vi-
sualize the emotions, and do not
wholly deny the ideal sphere. The
true culture under the supreme
guidance will give woman the
power for man's sake as well as her
own, and bring the marvelous
quickness of her perceptions, the
dash of her intuitions, and the rich-
ness of her genius into the true
life. She has more genius than man
in proportion to the measure of her
faculties, and Harriet Martineau
says that young men should associ-
ate with women for the best incentive,
for you can find men in their books,
but women must be seen in actual
society to be appreciated. They
have certainly done wonders in our
age by their books, and the century
that has given us Corinne, Con-
suelo, and Romola may, before it
closes, show us a type of society
worthy of the womanly fascination
that appears in those pages. If
they can do so much in print,
movement, and spirit is kept back,
what will they not do in society
when full culture is given to their
powers, and full sweep is allowed
to their grace and charms? Per-
haps there is danger that they will
have too much power, and imperil
masculine sense by their witching
art. If so, the remedy is in more
education, not less, and a new day
will come when women will have
science enough to check their fre-
quent folly, and to bring far-seeing
wisdom to the service of their
beautiful talents. Dr. Samuel Os-
good, in Harper's Magazine for
September.

ROBERT FULTON'S FIRST LOVE.

It is pleasant, in these dreadfully
practical days, to dive into the re-
cords of the past and find an old-
fashioned love story—a story that
runs thus: Poor city youth—rich
country girl—love at first sight—
appeals to the all-wise "No, boy!
I'll not give you a fortune!"—
true womanhood, in its quick per-
ception, ready wit, flashing intui-
tion, personal devotedness, and
high fidelity, must come to the re-
cue. She must show us that under
her interpretation reason is not a
cold and heartless rationalism, but
a genial, loving wisdom, with a ray
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quarter, but the cry was unheeded,
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perpetrated within the old mission
walls. Not a single Texan escap-
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As the historian says, "Thus fell
the Alamo and its heroic defenders,
before them lay the bodies of
521 of the enemy, with a like num-
ber of wounded. At an hour by
sun on that Sabbath morning, all
was still; yet the crimson waters
of the apertures around the fort
resounded the red flag on the
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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1873.

ENOCH ARDEN BOILED DOWN.

Philip Ray and Enoch Arden both were "spoons" on Annie Lee; Phil did not fulfill her notions—She preferred to mate with E.

His wife, and she bore him pretty little children three, but he neither came nor wrote; Wherefore she concluded Enosh could no longer be alive. So when Phil came back to ask her if she would be his wife, she, hearing she was widowed, could not say her sister-in-law. And a second time was married, gave up selling bread and cheese, and in the time Philip tossed a little Ray upon his knees. But, alas! the longed-for Enosh turned up unexpectedly. And was greatly disconcerted by this act of bigamy. Yet, reflecting on the subject, he determined to atone for his lengthened absence from her by just leaving well alone. Taking to his bed he divided down to something like a shade. Settled with his good landlady. Next the debt of nature paid.

Then, when both the Rays discovered that poor Enosh's life had ended, they came out in richest style and gave his corpse a funeral splendid. This is all I know about it; if it's not sufficient, write by next mail to Alfred Tenney, Son, P. L., the Isle of Wight.

(From Appleton's Journal.) JOE GORTON'S PASSAGE TO THE SEA. The day was drawing toward its close; and, as usual, Lake Village was almost always quiet, but just now the wind was having its own way more than usual, and if any passer through the long, bleak street, happened to glance in at the window of the little water-side tavern, might well have been tempted by the bright fire and good company within the bar.

They were the usual afternoon loafers, with the exception of one small, wiry-looking man, a stranger, who had stopped to take a glass of something hot, and who, at the moment, was evidently the center of the general interest.

"But what is it, you know any stranger?" asked one of the group. "Come, now, among friends."

"Never you mind," answered the man addressed, "I know enough to shut up John Sawyer a pretty spell, if not to make him swing, and I know how to tell it when the right time comes, don't you be afraid for that. The day's getting on, he added, abruptly, rising and turning toward the window, and your duck pond there don't look over agreeable just now. 'Who's a good boatman hereabouts? for if I'm spilt, I can't swim.'"

"Joe Gorton's swimmer," was the answer, "he couldn't tip over if he tried, couldn't you."

"Why don't you wait till tomorrow, stranger, if you're afraid of the weather? and then climb aboard over there do look kinder pesky," said the landlady of the Lakeside House, turning a practical eye on the graying outlines of the lake and sky.

"Well, he's," said the other, "an acquaintance over in Milham, and if it's all the same to you—with a wick—I'd rather be there than here; so, if you'll hunt up this Joe what's-his-name, I'll be obliged."

"The landlady, receiving the wink and the implied intimation, opened the door and called out, sulkily, to someone in the next room: "Margy, run down to the water and tell Joe that a passenger here."

In another minute the house-door closed, and a tall, slight girl, figure, with a shawl over her head, might have been seen hurrying down to the water side.

Joe Gorton, busy about his boat, heard his name called, and, looking up, saw the girl Margy. The sharp wind had blown out stray locks of her rip, black hair from under the red shawl, but the beauty in the cheeks, and the fervent brightness in the dilated eyes, were not all the wind's work. She came close to the young boatman, who raised himself up, being her. "Joe," she said, "there's a passenger waiting up to the house; she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced anxiously around before adding, in a whisper: "Joe, if once that man reaches the other side, it's all up with my father."

"What's that, Margy?" said the boatman, looking wonderingly at her.

"I can't help it," cried the girl, twisting her fingers in the shawl-fringe so that it snapped; "he's my father, and never was a better but for the drink—you know, yourself, every body says so—and, if you could hear that man up there laughing and boasting he'll hang him! Joe, you'd find it hard to keep your hands off of him; but I don't ask you to do so much as touch a finger to him, only, if the boat turns over, he can't swim. I heard him say so, and then father's saved, and nobody's the wiser, for the boat boatman that ever was might have an accident on a squally evening like this."

"Here, there, Margy, he still, poor girl, you don't know what you're saying," interposed Joe. "Yes I do," said she passionately; "I never you think that, Joe Gorton. I tell you it says with you to save father or to kill him; yes, and me too, for if they hang him I'll never live over the day, and that I swear, so you choose between him, Mark! he turned to listen. "Can't stay," she pressed her hand hard on his shoulder, looking up pitiously in his face. "Joe, if you ever cared for me, save that poor old man!" And before he could answer she was gone, leaving him looking after her like one in a dream.

The clouds were getting lower and heavier as the boatman set off with his passenger.

"Looks as if we should have a spell of weather," said the latter, glancing from the leaden sky to the leaden water. "Hope you're what they cracked you up to be, for if I got a darning here I shouldn't find myself again in a hurry."

"Well, I'm as good as they'll average, I reckon, mister—I didn't hear your name," said Joe, looking up inquiringly.

"Peter Groom is my name, and one I ain't ashamed of; I'll be pretty well known in these parts by this day, I'm thinking, and this day week I smile not pleasant to see."

"Ain't that?" said Joe, anxious to betray no previous knowledge. "I've come to give evidence in a trial that's coming in your country town," answered Groom, mentioning toward the Milham shore. "I've traveled nine hundred miles on purpose to do it, and I'd travel five hundred more if 'was needed."

"Is it the Sawyer trial you mean?" asked Joe, carelessly. "He has been saying there ain't evidence enough to make a case, but I spoke then there's something new turned up."

"I should rather say so, something, that'll make a case hold John Sawyer as tight as his coffin."

Joe clinched his hand on his ear. He was beginning to understand Margy's hatred for this man, with his open contention in the run he was going to work.

"I'm sorry for the old man," he said, after a pause, "so are most folks about here. Wilson was known for a bully, and if Sawyer really done it, 'twas that—that and the drink, for when he's himself he wouldn't hurt a worm."

"You've no need to tell me what John Sawyer is," said the other shortly. "I knew him before you was born, before ever he came in to these parts."

"Well," said the boatman, "you've a queer notion of old acquaintance sake then, that's all."

"I'll give him a swing for old acquaintance sake, if I can," replied Groom, with a sneer.

Joe drew a quick breath. "Can you do that?" he said. "That or a lifer. I tell you, my man, I saw it done."

"You saw Sawyer kill Wilson?" exclaimed Joe, stopping short on his ears.

"I saw him strike the blow that killed him, and that comes to pretty near the same thing, I take it."

"But how is it you've kept back all along?"

"Well, it's like this," said Groom, who appeared to be in a more communicative mood than a while before. "That day of the murder—at the beginning—I happened to be passing through Milham, and stopped over a train there to see a man I had dealings with. He lived a little out of town, a lonesome road, part of the way across some fields. I did my business and started back again, as I had done. Halfway, or thereabouts, I heard a kind of cussing and quarreling in the next field—right close to my ear it sounded, only I couldn't see anything for the high hedge. 'What's up,' thinks I, 'might as well take a peep.' 'Twas an uncommon fine evening; moonlight you could almost see to read by, and I knew Sawyer as soon as I set eyes on him. His face was turned exactly to me, and ugly enough I looked them. The next minute I saw him strike out, and the other man went down like a log."

"And you let him lay?" interrupted Joe, in indignation. "You were called for help, nor nothing?"

"What for?" said Groom, carelessly. "I thought 'twas a drunken quarrel—I knew what Sawyer was, and I left them to settle it between themselves. I had to look sharp for the next train, so I hurried back to the hotel, and none too soon either. I never thought again about the matter, till the other day I happened to hear that John Sawyer was going to be tried for murder, and taking this way and that, I found the time and the general circumstances agreed with that evening—so, then, I knew I had seen the thing done."

Groom paused a moment, and when he resumed it was in an abstracted tone.

"'Twasn't particularly convenient for me to leave my business, just then; if it'd been anybody else, I'd likely have left the poor devil to sink or swim as might be, but John Sawyer! I tell you, he continued, through his set teeth, as, catching the boatman's eyes, he appeared suddenly conscious of a listener, "I'd let all I've got go to rack and ruin for the pleasure of seeing John Sawyer stand there, a disgraced and ruined man, and saying to him, 'Twas me that did it!'"

"There was something in Joe Gorton's breast on which the fierce words and manner jarred painfully. He was no preacher, this poor untaught boatman; he did not know how to tell the man before him that his promised revenge was cruel and cowardly; but yet he felt that, even setting aside Margy's interests, there was something in it which roused all his instincts of resistance. He shook his head as he thought about it.

"That's a feeling I can't make out," he said, half aloud. "Can't you?" said Groom, shortly, suppressing the remark addressed to himself. "Have you got a sweetheart, young man?" he asked abruptly, after a short pause.

"A sweetheart?" repeated Joe, staring at the association connected with the question, and the man who put it.

"Well, you've no cause to be shy of owning it," said Groom, who had noticed the movement. "A sweetheart, when she's the right sort, is what no man need be ashamed of. I had one myself when I was a young fellow—I stopped a moment—I don't 'pose you'd often see her like, I never did. There was a girl up at that place, that tavern there, had a kind of look for her about the eyes and forehead, but nothing to compare—"

"A sweetheart, when she's the right sort, is what no man need be ashamed of. I had one myself when I was a young fellow—I stopped a moment—I don't 'pose you'd often see her like, I never did. There was a girl up at that place, that tavern there, had a kind of look for her about the eyes and forehead, but nothing to compare—"

"That was hard lines, sure enough," said Joe, thoughtfully. "But, Mr. Groom, you was speaking just now of a girl up at the tavern there? She's my sweetheart, and she's the boatman, slowly, 'twas Sawyer's girl, his only child."

"No!" exclaimed Groom, evidently moved by the intelligence. "Hatty's child," he muttered to himself, "Hatty's child!"

"Yes," said Joe, eagerly, "don't forget whose child she is, and that you'll make her suffer along with the old man."

"Ah," said Groom, "that's all very well, but I don't forget neither whose child she is on the other side. No! I'm sorry for the girl, and for you, youngster, since you've an interest in her, but I'd have my pay out of John Sawyer now, if I was to die for it."

Joe's grasp tightened convulsively on his oar. Was the man crazy, this to make a boast of the misery he would cause before one whose advantage and opportunity it alike was to insure his silence? who had him almost as completely at his mercy here on this unfamiliar element as all the earth? If he were to die for it! Every plunge of the dark water seemed to be repeating those words. The boatman roused himself with a start at the sound of his passenger's voice.

"You're a pretty fellow, ain't you, now," said the latter, resuming the subject in a lighter tone, "wanting to persuade me to cheat just after that fashion?"

"As for that," answered Joe, "you say yourself, if it had been anybody but Sawyer you wouldn't have troubled to hunt him down, and I can't see as that's any better notion of justice than mine, he sides," he added, gravely, the old man's got his death sentence ready, if that's what you want; what with the drink, he ain't the man he used to be, and the night of the quarrel he got a cough that's tearing him all to pieces; he does say he can't live long, now."

"He'll live long enough to make the acquaintance of a rope's end, I reckon," said Groom, with a coarse laugh, "and that's all I care about. The brutal words and manner roused the lurking devil in Joe Gorton's heart. He staggered out a curse, inarticulate for passion.

"Eh?" said Groom, catching the sound, but not the words, "what's that you say?"

The boatman stopped rowing, and leaned forward till he almost touched Groom where he sat.

"Just put yourself in the old man's place for a minute, and he began with an effort, speaking quietly.

"'Spose there was somebody'd got the chance and the will to get out o' you, just as you've got out Sawyer?"

"What are you driving at now?" interrupted Groom. "There ain't nobody as I know of, has got either—more luck for me!" he added, with a laugh.

"Ain't there?" said the boatman, slowly. "You talk about justice, Mr. Groom," he resumed, "but it ain't justice you've set out to do—it's murder—as bad, for what I can see, as if somebody—as it might be, said Joe, looking friendly in the other's face in the growing dusk, "somebody with a motive, no matter what, for wanting to be rid of you, getting you all alone, as it might be here, out of sight or help, should just put you quietly out of the way."

"Hey! you mean to threaten me?" cried Groom, springing up. Just then the breaking gale struck sharp on the boat's side that left to her own guidance, had drifted around. She gave a lurch and bounded that sent Groom, who had started back had lost his balance, overboard like a shot.

Joe started for an instant at the empty place opposite, hardly comprehending what had happened so quickly; then, sudden as the lightning darting through the blue sky above him, it flashed into his mind that there were silence and safety, and through no act of his. "Why not profit by the accident? Why not, in the man's own spirit, in his very words, leave him to sink or swim, as might be?" But Joe could no more be deceived by his own, than by others' sophistries; a voice within him cried, "If you leave this man to die, you are his murderer!" A great surge of horror and remorse for the thought that had been in his heart seemed to sweep him away, and before the second thunderbolt could tear the cloud, he had thrown himself after Groom.

When the two rose together, the boat was nowhere in sight. Luckily, the Milham side was not very distant; still, it was a hard stretch through the unnumbering water, unnumbered as he was, with his heavy clothing, and the weight of Groom, who, moreover, himself completely helpless, held him, a nervous clutch that half strangled him. By the time they neared the shore, his strength was pretty well spent, but the growing lights gave him heart again; he roared and hustled for the final pull, and just then it was that the gale seized him, unprepared, and whirled him away from the inlet he was making for, to the rock ledge jutting into it, that caught and battered him—poor Joe.

He was conscious when they took him up, but there was a look in his face that foretold the end, even before the doctors did. As for Groom, he had been shuddered by Joe's body, and, though and wily as he was, was scarcely the worse for the whole adventure. When he heard what they were saying about him, he burst out with an oath, and hurried to where he lay.

"Well, Gorton, and how is it with you?" he said, offering to speed cheerfully, though struck at once by that look of death in his face. "About as bad as it can be, my friend," answered Joe, feebly. "The old boat and I'll go down together, I reckon."

"Now, never you talk that stuff, my man," said Groom, in almost a blustering way, perhaps to conceal a certain consciousness of voice, "I owe you a life, and I ain't one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes all the doctors from here to Jericho. I've got means, I tell ye."

"No use, Mr. Groom," said Joe, "there ain't no doctor could patch up what's smashed inside of me. But look here, and be positively lowering his voice, with a glance at the attendant, though there was little fear of that broken whisper reaching any ears but those close to it, "it's what I wanted to speak to you about—you owe me a life; mine ain't yours to give, but I saw Sawyer's—"

Sawyer's face darkened. "I swear I ain't! I ain't! I ain't!" he muttered.

"But you'll promise, Mr. Groom?" said Joe, in his earnestness managing to half raise himself, "you'll promise?"

"Well—I a'pose I ain't got no choice," answered Groom, still reluctantly; "yes, I do promise, there is my hand on it!"

A gleam of intense delight for the moment almost drove the dark look from Joe's face. "It's all right, Margy," he whispered softly to himself, and laid his hand back again.

Yes, it was all right, as Heaven knew. When John Sawyer had been discharged for want of evidence, when the Lake Village gossip, wondering over the stranger's disappearance, concluded that his boats had been mere idle talk to make a sensation, Margy could have told him better. She knew how it was Joe had died, she knew that a life had been paid for her father's; and in a heart softened by pain she acknowledged that her prayer had been answered in God's own way.

KATE PUTNAM OGDON.

The Winona & St. Peter railroad company has paid Captain Heaney \$1,000 for some valuable colts of his which were killed by the cars several weeks ago.

NOTICE.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, Stillwater, Minn., Aug. 22, 1873.

To Harvey Wilson, E. E. Joy, Albert Arnold, Elias J. McCann, Martin Rower, and all other persons interested in the premises herein described or any part thereof.

You and each of you are hereby notified that whereas more than twenty free hold residents in the city of Stillwater, in the State of Minnesota, by their certain petition represented to the City Council of said city that it is necessary to take the following described premises in said city for the purpose of laying out a public street to be known as the street of Fourth street to Owen street, the lands and premises necessary to be so taken, being described as follows:

The following is the course, distance, meets and bounds of the land necessary to be taken to lay out said street as prayed for by your petitioners, together with the names of the owners thereof, viz:

The following land owned by one Harvey Wilson, Esq. All that part of lots four (4) and five (5) in block two (2) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot four (4) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot four (4) and five (5) three hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing fifteen thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by E. E. Joy, Esq. All that part of lot seven (7) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot seven (7) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot seven (7) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Elias Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot eight (8) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot eight (8) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot eight (8) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Martin Rower, Esq. All that part of lot nine (9) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot nine (9) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot nine (9) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Albert Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot ten (10) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot ten (10) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot ten (10) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Elias Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot eleven (11) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot eleven (11) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot eleven (11) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Martin Rower, Esq. All that part of lot twelve (12) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot twelve (12) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot twelve (12) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Albert Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot thirteen (13) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot thirteen (13) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot thirteen (13) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Elias Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot fourteen (14) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot fourteen (14) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot fourteen (14) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Martin Rower, Esq. All that part of lot fifteen (15) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot fifteen (15) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot fifteen (15) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Albert Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot sixteen (16) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot sixteen (16) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot sixteen (16) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Elias Arnold, Esq. All that part of lot seventeen (17) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot seventeen (17) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot seventeen (17) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

The following land owned by one Martin Rower, Esq. All that part of lot eighteen (18) in block three (3) in Wilson's addition to Stillwater, described as follows: Beginning at the southeast corner of said lot eighteen (18) and running thence westerly along the south line of said lot eighteen (18) one hundred feet to Sixth street; thence easterly along Sixth street fifty feet to the place of beginning; and containing seven thousand five hundred square feet of land.

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The Messenger.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

FRIDAY, AUG. 29, 1873.

LOCAL NEWS.

The firemen meet for drill tonight.

The base ballists practice to-day in Carle's field.

Senator Salin started for Omaha on Monday, to be absent about ten days.

A horse belonging to Moses Tuttle finished his earthly career a few days ago.

The County Commissioners meet on Tuesday next for the purpose of equalizing taxes.

The firemen's ball on the 17th proximo, promises to be the grandest affair of the season.

The fall term of our public schools commences next Monday, just a week later, as reported in our last.

Forty-five thousand three hundred and forty-nine bushels of new wheat have passed through the Stillwater elevator since the 22d.

The steamer Sullivan goes into the Stillwater and Taylor's Falls trade next Monday, leaving here at 1 P. M. and returning the next morning.

Mr. Durant related a fish story on Wednesday. He said that he had made a record for breakfast, but it didn't get a bite from him. Probably it wasn't his fish day.

A meeting of the Universalist Society of this city will be held at the church next Sunday forenoon, to decide whether it is expedient to procure a pastor for the church.

Sam Judd and W. H. Vezio, of Marine, in this county, and Dr. Dewey and Dr. Judd, of Marine, Ill., started for the Nemacoggan on Tuesday, for a week's trouting.

A few days ago J. N. Castle received a complete set of the English Common Law Reports, 118 volumes, for which he paid \$300. This is one of the few complete sets of these valuable works in the State.

S. D. Gaskill, who was injured by a runaway some six weeks ago, has so far recovered as to be able to be moved to Marine. The late Miss H. B. Combs, of this city, accompanied him as nurse.

At a meeting of the trustees of the Myrtle Street Presbyterian church on Tuesday evening last, it was decided to advance the new rectory to be erected on Myrtle street, for which each ally, making the present prices \$30, \$25 and \$20 respectively.

Judging from appearance, the Washington county fair, to be held on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September, will be one of the grandest affairs gotten up in the State this year. The address of Hon. Ignatius Donnelly will be well worth hearing. His subject has not been announced, but politics are to be ignored.

Persons who try to stop runaway teams should not neglect the precaution of first securing a policy in the accident insurance company. Dr. Curran will be remembered all a little business in this line (stopping a runaway team) about the first of February last, in consequence of which he was disabled. He had fortunately made provision against accidents, and a few days ago received \$650 from the Travelers' Accident Insurance Company of Hartford.

As a young man by the name of Burns was returning home from the circus last Monday evening, a dog attacked him, and he was drawing his revolver to terminate the existence of that dog when his brother tried to prevent the killing, in consequence of which attempted prevention a revolver "went off," while the muzzle was not pointed in the direction of the dog, but the hand passing through Burns' right hand, breaking the meta-carpal bone of the second finger. That dog's doom is sealed.

MEETINGS OF OFFICERS.

The Stillwater Library association meets at the office of E. W. Durant at 7 o'clock this evening, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. A full attendance of the members is desired.

ALMOST A FIRE.

A fire broke out last Saturday forenoon on the east side of P. E. Joy & Co's warehouse, caused by sparks from a passing steamer. Jos. Ferro organized himself into a well-drilled fire department, and the fire was quickly extinguished without an alarm being sounded. Had the flames got under headway, a disastrous conflagration might have ensued.

GERMANIA ORCHESTRA BALL.

A short time ago several of our best musicians, among whom are Adam May, Milton Wright, George and John Miller, Wm. Ronnemann, and John Demler, organized a band to be known as the "Germania Orchestra." The object of the organization is to furnish music for concerts, balls, and picnics.

The first appearance of this orchestra will be next Thursday evening at a ball given at Concert Hall under their auspices. Tickets, \$1.50, supper, \$1.00 extra. See advertisement.

NOTES OF TRADE.

From one of our citizens who has just returned from an extended trip along the river, visiting the principal lumber distributing points, we learn that the lumber trade west is large and healthy, and the shipping facilities, especially at St. Croix, Clippings, Black and Wisconsin rivers, embracing a scope of country tributary to the Mississippi river from Anoka to St. Louis.

With hundreds of trains leaving Chicago daily for points west of the Mississippi, the outlook now is, that with the magnificent crops throughout the valley of the Mississippi, most of which has been safely gathered, we may reasonably expect a large business for the fall and winter trade in our special commodity, lumber.

NEW BUSINESS HOUSES.

The district on south Main street is being gradually rebuilt, the new structures being of a much better character than those destroyed by fire last November. The walls of W. W. Holcomb's new brick block, 30x70 feet, three stories high, are going up at a rapid rate, and will soon be completed. The first floor will be fitted up for a store, the second floor for offices, and the third floor for a hall.

J. Fisch has completed his basement adjoining the Holcomb block, and will at once proceed with the building, which is to be of brick, 40x70 feet, three stories high, and will be completed the present season.

Ferdinand Schult has purchased the lot on the south side of the old Lake House property, and will soon commence the erection of a large brick block, completing the basement this fall.

It is to be hoped the remaining vacant property in the vicinity will soon be covered with business houses as many capitalists are deterred from coming here on account of inability to procure suitable places for the transaction of their business.

The following Superintendents of City Schools were also present:

Wm. G. Sullivan, Superintendent.

W. F. Phelps, Winona; M. P. Seward, Faribault; M. A. Tukey, Mankato; J. M. Gage, St. Paul.

RECORD OF THE RECKLESS.

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SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS' CONVENTIONS.

The County and City Superintendents' Convention met in this city on Tuesday evening, this place having been selected at the last meeting of the convention in Minneapolis. The following named superintendents were in attendance:

Rev. Sherman Hall, Sank Rapids; Krastus C. Payne, Mankato; William Shaw, Thompson; V. D. Kelly, Taylor's Falls; Philip Crowley, West St. Paul; Smith Bloomfield, Alexandria; R. W. Richards, Blue Earth City; Chas. Strong, Minneapolis; J. H. Gater, Harrison; H. L. Wadsworth, Litchfield; Sanford Niles, Rochester; Geo. N. Baxter, Faribault; Henry O. Flynn, Cedar Lake; S. W. Bennett, Henderson; Patrick G. Mosher, Waseca; Alexander Oldham, Stillwater; Wm. G. Sullivan, Superintendent of City Schools were also present:

Wm. G. Sullivan, Superintendent.

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LOGS AND LUMBER.

The demand for logs is limited except as to the better grades of short and long logs, though during the past week a safe rate of 30 to 40 per cent of inferior long logs was made to W. I. Young & Co., Clinton, on private terms.

The large quantity of logs held by Hersey, Staples & Bean at Savanna Bay, was recently closed out to mill men at Lyons and Clinton, thus relieving the market.

This lot is understood to have sold at low figures, but was mostly logs of an inferior grade.

We note also of long Apple river dimension logs to Dimock, Gould & Co., Moline, at \$12.50